

The Daily Chieftain
OFFICIAL CITY PAPER
Entered as second-class matter
August 3, 1908, at postoffice in Tulsa,
Okla., under Act of March 3, 1879.
ISSUED DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY
Published by
D. M. HARRIS PRINTING COMPANY
Per week by carrier.....\$.10
Per month by carrier.....\$.60
Per year by carrier, in advance...\$ 6.00
One month by mail, in advance...\$.50
Three months by mail, in advance...\$ 1.50
One year by mail, in advance.....\$ 5.00

Tulsa, Okla., Saturday, July 13.

If Governor Thomas Marshall is as much like the late Sam Jones as his pictures indicate he ought to make a great campaign.

When the primary election on August 4 is over the people of Craig county will know almost definitely who their officers for the next two years are to be. The Democrats have an abundance of good material from which to select a winning ticket and the primary will tell the tale.

Conditions create great men. No one ever heard of a great man creating a great condition. A combination of circumstances which arise all over the country render it necessary to find some man with strength of character sufficient to meet and cope with them.

Such is the case in the United States today. For years and years conditions have been forming and combining until matters are now in such shape that some man—some man who has not only indomitable will, but a keen sense of justice and a personal history for incorruptible cleanliness—will have to take hold of them and, reversing this country from chaos put it again on a firm and substantial footing.

And that man will have to be one of the party which has not created the conditions.

William Howard Taft, by the grace of God president of these United States—and candidate for reelection through the grace of the steamroller—is not the man. He belongs to the party which is responsible, more than ought else, for the creation of the circumstances by which we are surrounded today—the party which, trust producing, has become trust fed and corrupted. Individually Mr. Taft may realize the conditions. Individually he not doubt does realize them, but his hands are tied. Were he re-elected the same unfortunate, the same deplorable conditions would continue the existing boundaries by which we are at present hampered. No matter how upright of mind and honest of purpose he might be, the party of which he is the representative, would not permit him to do anything which would be detrimental to the interests which feed that party.

We of the United States must have a man as our executive head who will be able to cope with the conditions which are combining to wreck the rights of the many by furthering the interests of the few. We stand in need of a man who has made a careful and painstaking study of the politics of the country—a man who will know and understand the conditions and, knowing and understanding them will be able to cope with them. A man who can and will accommodate himself to circumstances so as to solve the great problem for the public good.

Such a man will have to be a great man, a broad and a liberal man; a man true to his people, true to his convictions, true to himself. Such a man will have to be a man who has the weal of country nearest his heart, who will realize that it is incumbent upon him to seize the phyl of justice and scourge corruption, fraud and dishonesty from the land. He must be a man of strength of character and honesty of purpose—a man to force conditions because he is a strong man, not a man seeking to make conditions because he is an egotist.

Theodore Roosevelt is not the man. And the man who could do anything to relieve the situation—to mend conditions even, were he so inclined—he is an impossibility. Blinded by his own

stupidous egotism, he would, in the future, as he has always done in the past, endeavor to be the great "I AM." His administration would be an effort to create conditions, not to cope with those we have. His would be an administration of a government against which a counter-balance which would leave the country's condition unimpaired. His administration would be the light of two days over a boner. Trustism and Rooseveltism waiting over the public—each snatching a moment here and a moment there until the boner would be picked clean and the marrow sucked clean.

When Taft eliminated because of his weak underpinnings and Roosevelt an unquestioned impossibility as an agent who would work for the country's good for the country's sake, all true and the patriotic Americans must needs turn to the man whose political career, brief though it has been, has been a career in which the voice of the people has ruled supreme. They must turn to the party which, since the days of the great American revolution has stood for the people.

A representative of that great party whose father took his stand before the nations of the earth and waited against the ruthless conditions of over a hundred years ago. Woodrow Wilson is today the only man to whom the American people can look for relief. He is the man of the hour, and the man of the people. He is the man who represents the party of the people—the party endowed to trusts and uncontrolled by the money interest. He is the man who knows not the "Kais" as against the public, the man whose political beliefs, whose life's study and training has been such as to make him the man of the people, for the people.

Standing first, Woodrow Wilson is the logical candidate, not only of the democratic party, but of the entire great American people. He is the man to cope with the conditions which exist in this country—he is the man to make these conditions so shape themselves that the present evils will become eliminated and a reform inevitable—a reform for the people which will make this truly a government "of the people, by the people for the people."—Armstrong.

Thousands of American Men Seem to Be Wholly Uninterested in Their Wives.

There are thousands of American men who are merely indifferent to their wives. They are proud of them, but supremely uninterested, and ask of their wives only to be let alone. Their business is their life; it is their life after they are married just as it was before. They are playing a tremendous game, and in this country a man has got to win or go to the wall. It makes no difference whether a man is married or a bachelor; it is not the women of the country who determine if a man must work at the great rate of speed at which they labor—it is the pace of the country itself which demands it. Our men give generously and indulgently to their women folks, they like to see that they have "everything in the world," as the saying is. It pleases their vanity to see their houses well appointed and their women well dressed; they like the luxury of it for themselves. What is to be expected of young girls whose fathers have had no influence in their bringing up, but have merely paid the bills—young girls, who have never been taught the use of money nor any details of any business whatsoever, and whose whole duty in life is to dress with the extreme perfection of which our women are past masters, and to keep in good physical condition and talk amusingly? These are the prices of success, success being measured in this country, as elsewhere, in terms of marriage and attention.—Woman's Home Companion.

Duelling is a survival from the ancient judicial combats which were at their height in the middle ages. The first formal duel among English-speaking peoples was in 1096. France seems to have been the land in which the "code" had its most flourishing times. From France the practice passed over to England, and from England it came over to America. In the early days of our country duels were quite common, but since Burr killed Hamilton the practice has been steadily on the decline. It is today a very rare thing for a duel to take place in any civilized land, and in the United States the foolish custom is practically extinct.

MADE UNITED GERMANY

HONOR ACCORDED AUTHOR OF
"DIE WACHT AM RHEIN."

Town of Tutlingen, Birthplace of Max Schneckenburger, is Preparing to Erect Monument to its Famous Citizen.

Niedlingen, Göttingen, Göttingen, Emmendingen, Murringen, Tutlingen—all these are passed before reaching our first camp. But of these Tutlingen is our darling. We have not passed a village that could have made us happy for many days, each with its ruined castles, its medieval tower, its steep gables, its colored tiles, its stately mansions; but, writes Pauline Bigelow in "From the Black Forest to the Black Sea," all this, and more, too, is united in Tutlingen. This little town also has its feudal castle, its ruined battlements, its legends, and its quiet gables; but it has more than this—it has the proud distinction of having educated the poet who made United Germany. The war-song that has made all Germans merge their local differences in one great purpose—the common fatherland; that united Bavarians and Prussians, Saxons and Württembergers, in 1870; that brought victory over the French, and an imperial crown to the house of Hohenzollern—that song is "Die Wacht am Rhein," written at the age of twenty-one, by a lad whose schooling was obtained in Tutlingen. It is needless to say that his name is Max Schneckenburger.

The people of Tutlingen are now raising the money needed to place here a worthy monument to the man who has made their town famous. They have placed a square pedestal upon the bank of the stream as a mute invitation to help on the noble work. Of course, we brought our mite from across the Atlantic, and promised to stir our friends up also. In Tutlingen is a committee of the leading citizens, who are prepared to receive and acknowledge contributions.

Little is known of Schneckenburger. He died in 1849, when only thirty years of age. His father blackened boots and lifted trunks in a village tavern near Tutlingen, but was obviously of superior character, for he eventually became a small merchant and married well. Max was, too, poor; but in Tutlingen he was thoroughly schooled and then sent to Switzerland, where the post of errand boy was given him in a grocery store. His short life was one of hard work and small earnings, far from his beloved fatherland, and seeing of the world only what appeared in the course of trips made as a commercial traveler. His widow assures us that a day never passed that Schneckenburger did not kneel in prayer for his fatherland, and his motto, chosen at the age of fifteen, was this word alone, "Deutsch." In 1840 he wrote "Die Wacht am Rhein" as an indignant protest against the French pretensions of that time, but the battles of Gravelotte and Sedan had been fought before his country was made to know the source of their inspiration. Schneckenburger is another of the many names that humanity loves to honor, but which, alas! humanity discovers long after its honor has ceased to be of any material consequence.

Got Rid of His Creditor.

Lespes, the French journalist, known as "Timothée Trimm," was once disagreeably intruded on by a creditor, who announced his intention of not departing until he was paid. The creditor planted himself on a chair, and Lespes beheld him, with consternation, draw bread and cheese from his pockets, as though to fortify himself against events. Several hours glided by; Lespes had resumed his writing and finished an article. The creditor showed no signs of moving. Suddenly Lespes rose, and with bits of newspaper began carefully blocking all the apertures through which air could come into the room. He then made preparations for lighting a charcoal fire; but before applying the match, pasted on the wall, just opposite the creditor's eyes, a paper thus laconically worded: "Take notice that we died of our own will." "What are you doing?" exclaimed the creditor, uneasily. "Your society would render life intolerable, so we are going to commit suicide together," answered Timothée tranquilly. It is needless to say that the creditor decamped.

Art of Happiness.

Happiness is about the most misunderstood thing on this earth. People believe that they know just what it is, and invariably answer that they are striving for it daily. Yet the average person's hazy idea of happiness consists of a palace, six automobiles, three or four houseboats, an army of servants, tons of stuff to eat and drink, and a full-sized mint of money.

If one would only figure out where in lies his happiness he would be better armed for the fight. The trouble is that we do not know what we want. And that is why we struggle along, day after day, in a leisurely, careless manner. There is an idea hovering over us that there is a bright future ahead, and we stop our thoughts there.

First determine what you want. Plan how to get it. And then fight for it. Happiness will be realized in the struggle, and when you finally get what you want supreme happiness will be yours.

Wife Kills the Bear.
Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Harvey of Tenafly, N. J., had been starting a month at Lake Umbagog, Me., and started for home. The husband went on the trail toward the depot, the wife to follow an hour or two later. On the summit of Boardman mountain he met an angry she-bear, which went for him. Dropping his pack he climbed a spruce tree, just getting out of reach of the bear's claws. In his haste he dropped his mittens, and as the temperature was near zero his hands were badly frozen, and he had to strap himself to the tree to keep from falling out. Two hours later the wife came on the trail to the scene, and the bear left the tree and started growling for her. She was carrying the gun and fired one shot. That did not stop the brute, but the second one did, and left the bear dead 10 feet away.—The Christian Herald.

Perpetual Motion.
As the term is generally understood, perpetual motion is the motion of an engine which, without any support or power from without, cannot only maintain its own motion forever, but can also be applied to drive machinery, and therefore do external work. In other words it means a device for creating power or energy without corresponding expenditure. This is absolutely impossible, no matter what physical forces be employed. The quantity of force in existence being fixed, no new stock can be created and therefore, a self-moving machine is out of the question. The modern physical axiom, the conservation of energy, founded on experimental bases as certain as those which convince us of the truth of the laws of motion, may be expressed in the negative thus: Perpetual motion is impossible.

Papal Senate.
At the present time 13 countries are represented in the papal senate: Italy, Germany, Austria, Hungary, Spain, France, United States, Belgium, Holland, Brazil, Portugal, England, and Ireland. The comparatively recent death of Cardinals Tachereau and Moran temporarily removed Canada and Australia from the roster of cardinal nations. At present there are 64 cardinals, 30 of whom are of foreign birth and 34 Italians. Of the latter, 11 rule important dioceses. Italy and 23 reside in Rome. Four cardinals, who are not Italians by birth also reside permanently in the Eternal City: Merry Del Val, Vives y Tuto, Billot and Van Rossum.

Natural Probability.
J. Adam Bede, who was the "wit of congress" for several terms, kept the Chicago Jewelers' association in as uproar when he spoke of "happiness" at the annual banquet. "Some people can't see good in anything, but it is always there," he said. "Why, out is my district a short time ago there was an uproar because a Miss Week married a Mr. Day. The grumblers complained that it was a loss of time, because a week had been lost to make a Day. But those who can see the sunshine all the time suggested that probably it wouldn't be long before there would be enough Days around to make up for the lost Week."

Minister's Usefulness.
Among the members of a fashionable country club of Washington are a doctor and a minister, who delight in the exchange of repartee, touching their respective professions. As they met one day, the minister observed that he was "going to read to old Cunningham," adding (as he was aware that the old man was a patient of his friend, the doctor), "Is he much worse?" With the gravest of expressions, the physician replied: "He needs your help more than mine." Of his guard, the minister exclaimed anxiously: "Poor fellow. Is it as bad as that?" "Yes, he is suffering from insomnia."

Artificial Flowers.
The Japanese carry the art of artificial flower making to perfection copying with marvelous fidelity not only the blossoms, but whole branches and even plants in bloom. They are particularly clever in imitating wisteria, cherry and rose trees, and the flowers are so naturally made in either cotton and silk that they deceive the keenest critic. Great branches of these various blossoms are used for decorative purposes. There is a great vogue at present for the wearing of artificial flowers both with day and evening dress. Silk and velvet flowers command a high price.

Getting Even.
"Oh, George, dear," she whispered, when he slipped the engagement-ring on her tapering finger, "how sweet of you to remember just the sort of stone I preferred! None of the others was ever so thoughtful." George was staggered but for a moment. Then he came back with: "Not at all, dear. You overrate me. This is the one I've always used." She was inconsistent enough to cry about it.

Yacht Operated by Wireless.
Boating parties on Lake Wannsee, which is located near Berlin, have been startled on several occasions lately by the uncanny manner in which a new electric yacht called Friday runs in and out among the other vessels without a single soul on board to operate the engines or steer. She is operated and controlled entirely from a wireless station on shore and is the first boat of her size so equipped.

Grand Theatre
TONIGHT
The Feature Bill
PANAMA
A Four Act Comedy
Balcony 10c, Dress Circle 20c, Parquet 30c.
Specialties Between Acts

CHARACTER SHOWS IN BACKS

Straight and Upright Carriage Means
You Are Determined, Energetic
and Reliable.

If your back is straight and upright you are correspondingly straight in your conduct. You will hold your head up, for you are not afraid to look the world in the face.

Even when you're sitting you keep your back straight. There is an air of real strength about you—both physical and mental. In short, you have plenty of backbone. You are determined, energetic and to be relied upon.

If your back is stooping and rounded you are a creature as weak as you look, you are prone to loitering about and too lazy or too feeble to take a front rank in the battle of life. The tramp is an excellent example.

If you are a criminal, your back is stooped or round, but the scholarly stoop of the bookworm must not be confounded with the foregoing. There is a difference which is difficult to describe, but it is readily recognized by the close observer.

If you are mean and covetous your back is narrow and rounded and your shoulders are high. You are sly—very sly. You generally have the appearance of drawing yourself up into as small a compass as possible. You are always yourself, so to speak, and people should give you the cold shoulder.

Are you too straight backed? That is, do you hold your head so high that there is a preposterous fall in the small of your back? Then you are so puffed up with self-esteem that you carry your chest out so far it's absurd.

SEEMED TO NEED A DOCTOR

Varied Ailments of the Somewhat
Afflicted Family as Catalogued
by the Mother.

"Yes, Doc," said the mother of a family of nine to the young doctor who had ridden 16 miles into the backwoods in the dead of night, "we are a somewhat afflicted family, an' as home doctorin' don't seem to do no good, I thought I'd send for you an' see if you could straighten us out. Janey here, she's got something wrong with her bronchial tubes so she don't breathe like she should. I been keepin' a rag spread with goose grease an' sprinkled with red pepper an' mustard on her front chest, but it seems to add to her ag'n'y. Jake, he's got a mis'try all up an' down his spinal bone, an' I been usin' kerosene both external an' internal; but it ain't done him no good. Lizzie Belle, she's about ready to give up with plum-bago, an' her sister Nancy has been feelin' mean for a week. I think that it's skiatle roomatiz that ails Nancy, but she's afraid it's the new disease they calls appendicitis. The old man has been terrible slimy for some days, an' Rube, our oldest boy, is all broke out with a rash that shows his blood ain't all right. He had a terrible spell las' night, an' I thought he was in for cholery infantum. He's had it off an' on ever since he was 16 years old. I reckoned he'd outgrown it, but it grabs him as hard now that he's 24 as it did when he was young'er. Wisht, Doc, that you'd just turn yourself loose an' see if you kin sort o' straighten us out."—Judge

Brown Bread Baker.
Mayor Gaynor was talking to an advertising agent about advertisement writing. "I like the literary style of the average advertisements," he said. "Even when advertisements exaggerate, they are written in good style. The best advertisements don't exaggerate; but there are some few advertisement writers who seem to think that in their line of work, a little exaggeration does no harm. They remind me, in their mistaken views, of a miner. The miner was passing a bakery with a friend, and in front of the bakery stood a very untidy baker. 'Gee,' said the miner's friend, pointing his pipe at the baker disgustedly—'gee, what a dirty looking chap to be a baker, eh?' But the miner explained with a smile: 'Oh, that's all right. He's just the fellow, you know, that makes the brown bread.'"

WHY OWN

WEBSTER'S
NEW
INTERNATIONAL
DICTIONARY

THE MERRIAM WEBSTER?

Because it is a NEW CREATION, covering every field of the world's thought, action and culture. The only new unabridged dictionary in many years.

Because it defines over 400,000 words; more than ever before appeared between two covers. 2700 Pages, 6000 Illustrations.

Because it is the only dictionary with the new divided page. A "Stroke of Genius."

Because it is an encyclopedia in a single volume.

Because it is accepted by the Courts, Schools and from as the one supreme authority.

Because he who knows Wins Success. Let us tell you about this new work.

WRITE for specimen of new divided page. G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Publishers, Springfield, Mass. Mention this paper, receive FREE a set of pocket maps.

Very Serious

It is a very serious matter to ask for one medicine and have the wrong one given you. For this reason we urge you in buying to be careful to get the genuine—

THE FORD'S
BLACK- DRAUGHT
Liver Medicine

The reputation of this old, reliable medicine, for constipation, indigestion and liver trouble, is firmly established. It does not imitate other medicines. It is better than others, or it would not be the favorite liver powder, with a larger sale than all others combined.

SOLD IN TOWN F2

OVER 85 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS
COPYRIGHTS &c.
Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York

Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

Daily Chieftain

10c a Week

3 Months for \$1



CARROLL DREW and DOTT SISTERS
With the Billekin Players at the Grand Next Week.